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Xavier University Newswire

Xavier University (Cincinnati, Ohio)

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X-Communication

Volume 68, Number 21

Xavier News Parody Issue

Thursday, March 24, 1983



Top: Select members of the Society of Jigolos show off the order's new clerics. Bottom: Mary Ross Babble and the Reverend John LaConic.



S.J.'s adopt radical changes in dress and regulations

BY JACK DANIELS
News Distorter

The Society of Jigolos announced early this week that changes in the order would be introduced to bolster declining enrollment in the order and to provide additional revenue to support the S.J. life style.

Of the major changes in the Society, the new provision freeing the Jigolos from the bonds of celibacy has caused the greatest furor. Immediately, the Reverend John LaConic, S.J., announced His engagement to Mary Rose Babble, both of Campus Mystery.

"God has brought us together," said LaConic of His whirlwind romance with Babble, which developed during their collaboration on a sensitivity encounter workshop for seminarians, "FROM MASSES TO MISTRESS."

Since the new regulations allow the

Jigolos to work in the entertainment field, LaConic feels that He will be able to support his wife-to-be by utilizing his musical talents and joining a rock-and-roll band. (For more information, see the Entertainment section.)

One of the primary reasons recruiting young men into the order is so difficult is the old-fashioned Jigolo uniform. Although the public favors the old style vestments, black has a limited future with the Jigolos.

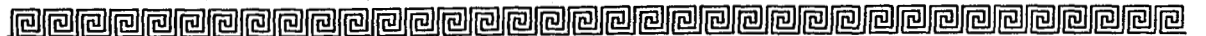
"Styling is the name of the game," declared recently inducted David Winebreath, S.J., exclusive fashion consultant for the Jigolos. "The jackets will be slightly altered but will, on the holy, remain. However, the Roman collar will be replaced by unrestricting silk shirts. The pants will be shortened and tightened to give more emphasis to the Jigolo physique. Track shoes will

be added to give a sporty touch."

These changes already have had repercussions at Xavier. Already plans are underway to produce Xavier's first nude musical — *Caligula*. The Xavier library has found the circulation of the magazine section increased four fold since the addition of *Playpen* to its shelves.

Phony Blamer, Stupid Government's president, noted that since X-rated films have been shown on the large screen TV in the grill "the place has been packed. We've started charging per movie and have made enough to keep Stupid government in the black for the next three years."

The Jigolo nightspot, the Shot Hilton, will join the efforts by renting out its available rooms on an hourly basis.



Edgecliff facility scheduled for relocation

BY MAC TRUCK
Foreign Correspondent

The Bored of Trustees announced tomorrow that Sullivan Haul will be moved from the Edgecliff campus to the main campus, to be followed by other Edgecliff edifices.

"Today's decision allows us to bring the best of EC to the main campus," announced the Bored in a press release that will not be sent out until tomorrow. "Alternatives will be explored for a project which would also move the riverview to the main campus."

"This program," His Majesty Reverend Charles Cure-all, S.J., said, "stabilizes the XU programs on the EC campus and eliminates the transportation problems encountered by EC students and all seven XU students who choose to visit the EC campus every now and then."

Tentative plans calls for the EC

buildings to be relocated to the former U.S. Shoe property in place of the Dolly Madison parking lot. When asked if this would not aggravate the parking shortage which the acquisition of U.S. Shoe was supposed to solve, Grand Poobah of Maintenance Goose Ganders pointed out that the Edgecliff buildings will take up an amount of space at U.S. Shoe equal to the amount which will now be available at Edgecliff.

"Commuters," he said, "can just park down at Edgecliff instead of at U.S. Shoe. It's not really that much farther to walk, you know," He admitted, though, that the cancellation of shuttle service may mean that some suburban students parking at Edgecliff will have to get up at about 4:30 a.m. in order to make their 10:30 a.m. classes.

"But it's either that or go four to a room in Crookedman Hall," he noted.



Sullivan Haul. (Three Martini photo).

Xavier administrator leaves post for local club circuit

BY BEN DOVER
Nude Reporter

"You won't have Dangershearer to kick around anymore," was the official word from the Office of Stupid Development, where Dean and Head Honcho of Stupid Development Rodney Dangershearer announced he was leaving his post next week to embark on a solo tour of the Nerdwood saloons.

Dangershearer cited lack of a professional administration as his main reason for departure.

"I'll tell ya, I don't get no respect around here — no respect at all," Dangershearer grumbled.

"The other day some little freshman came up and told me I ought to be a poster child for 'Save the Whales.' Yesterday we went to McDonald's — they told me I didn't deserve a break!"

Inside sources say that it is this type of humor that Dangershearer has been secretly perfecting in his office for the past, well, longer than anybody can remember. Dangershearer

hopes to debut next week at Draino Gardens in Nerdwood.

Dangershearer commented on his increasing disenchantment with the day-to-day work schedule he has kept up for so long.

"I'll tell ya, I think it all stems from my unhappy childhood. Boy, was I ugly. My acne was so bad that I fell asleep in a library and some blind guy tried to read my face. Every time I stuck my head out of a moving car I got cited for mooning."

Bod Checker, Director of

Residence Strife, also agreed on Dangershearer's deprived childhood as well as his desperate financial situation. "I can see why he is taking the financial opportunity in Nerdwood. After all, his job doesn't have the fringe benefits and excitement that mine does, I mean the close union with the students."

Leaving his office, Dangershearer was reported as telling Joe Near-O, S.J., to "take my wife, pleeeze," in keeping with the new rules of the Jigolos.



Rodney Dangershearer



After the physics department exploded a low-level nuclear device in the Games Room as part of Peace Awareness Week, a giant Pac-Man ran wild and would have devoured the entire main campus if a Games Room employee hadn't pulled the plug. (Three Martini photo).

Campus Varmints

QUESTION: Who is General William Westmoreland?

Herb Sloshenberger, post-mortem

Of course I know who he is. What kind of idiot do you take me for? He's been running the ROTC program at Xavier since at least my freshman year.



William Westmoreland, retired general:

I don't know, but if he gives another lecture at Xavier I'll sue.



Phoney Blamer, Stupid Government president:

I really don't want to commit myself. First I'll have to take it to the Speakers Committee, and then check with the senators and that. I know if I don't consult with them first, they'll accuse me of being a dictator.



Ben Brainstorm, S.J., Rabble-rouser of Programs in Peas and Carrots:

You know, I know who he is. He's the guy whose face I've got on the dartboard in my office. He's worth two hundred points.



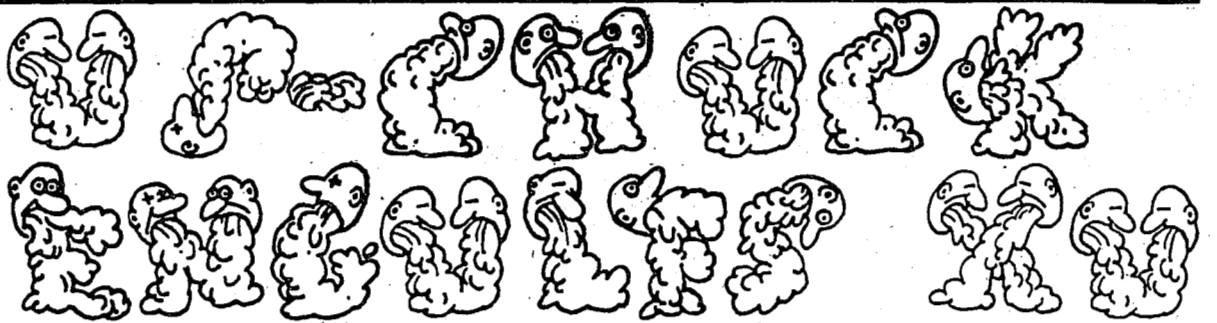
Dr. Jon Motown, professor of political science:

Ah yes, he was, well that is to say he was, well — he was the guy that was supposed to speak to my class before the press conference. Ha Ha.



Luigi Tabasco, Stupid Government in-between:

We had him speak here, and he shared his Vietnam experience with us. You know, experience is what counts. We have experience. Vote for us.



BY BORIS BARFLOTS
Still Reporter

The office of His Majesty the Reverend Chuck Cure-all has announced plans to initiate "Up Chuck," a massive promotional bonanza intended to more fully acquaint students with the new president.

The campaign is scheduled to begin the week of April 1 and will operate under the slogan "Up-Chuck or die," according to Charles Careless, director of Slander and Prop-

aganda (SAP).

The festivities are to be initiated with a luncheon reception, courtesy of Spamrock Food Service. The luncheon menu is to include such Spamrock favorites as cockroach under glass and last Saturday's leftovers.

"We want students to be thinking 'Up-Chuck' 24 hours a day," commented Abbot N. Costello, ass. to the president. "In the dorms, in the library and even at the Drains Gardens. Students at Xavier should eat, sleep and breathe 'Up-

Chuck,' " he gasped.

Abbot N. Costello also noted that He feels the program attempts to enlighten both interested students to the informal Cure-all personality, as well as the majority of students who could care less.

"We want to spread 'Up-Chuck' all over campus," Abbot N. Costello blurted.

Student contributions to the "Up-Chuck" program will be analyzed by the Biology Department under the direction of Dr. Stanley Houdini.

Xavier to acquire Cincinnati Zoo

BY ELLIE FONT
Reporter-at-large

The Cincinnati Zoo will become a college of Xavier University beginning April 1, 1983.

Xavier and the Zoo announced yesterday that an agreement was reached for the transfer of most of the Zoo's assets to Xavier for a beastly sum.

The Zoo will become the fifth undergraduate college at Xavier.

The merger with the Zoo was initiated by His Majesty Reverend Charles Cure-all, S.J., Xavier's president.

Cure-all explained the reason for the merger as a means of increasing

recruit possibilities for the Xavier basketball team.

Cure-all plans to use the present Graduate Asses. (GA's) from Crookedman Hall as deans of the new college. "They have plenty of experience in dealing with animals," barked Bod Checker, Director of Residence Strife. "I hear Zoo students don't drink as much as most Crookedman students on weekends," he added.

Freight train service between the two schools will begin next month in an effort to give students access to facilities on both campuses, according to Cure-all.

The Zoo is to officially change its

name to Xavier University, Cincinnati's Zoo.



Professor of Zoological Science and student.

Hostility breaks out in Nerdwood

Fighting broke out last Saturday between Xavier and Nerdwood, ending two days later with the Treaty of Paris (Ohio, that is).

Friction between Nerdwoodian residents and Xavier students reached a climax that night when a mob of locals stormed Manny's Saloon and siezed Mary Beth Goldfinch, who they claimed had made too much noise. Several of them, wielding shotguns, forced her friends to depart.

It appears that the whole incident had been framed, since at the same time the Nerdwoodian Air Force was firebombing the U.S. Shoe factory. WRAT Radio, the voice of Nerdwood, claimed that it had all along been a munitions factory.

Minutes later, the Nerdwoodian Volunteer Army (NVA) stormed across the 17th Parallel - the railroad track that separates Xavier and Nerdwood. They were repulsed by a contingency of Pershing Minutemen, who were actually planning to go Krogering.

Meanwhile, back on campus, an emergency session of Stupid Government was summoned for 2:00 a.m. to discuss how up-coming elections were to be run.

One of the Senators became enraged and left the discussion. He was Cadet Patton of the ROTC program. Patton reported the proceedings immediately to his superior, Major Minor. Minor summoned all cadre and cadets to assemble at the Armory.

At 4:00 a.m., an M-1 Abrams tank parked itself in the middle of the Mall and fixed its gun at the most vulnerable place in Alter Hall — the vending machines in the basement. ROTC troops stormed the University Center and captured Stupid Government in session.

Xavier Five-0 put up minor resistance, but fighting slackened off when the crack Ranger Battalion unplugged all the video machines in the games room. Chief of Xavier Five-0 Damn Good decided to capitulate

only after Pac Man was rendered dysfunctional. Xavier ROTC had just performed the first military *coup d'etat* in the University's history.

Wasting no time, Major Minor had a ROTC recruiting booth established in front of the Grill.

Most of the Nerdwoodians quickly surrendered in the face of such strength, while the rest scattered into the alleys and were unable to re-assemble as an effective fighting force. The Xavier Army was unable to distinguish the NVA from average Nerdwood citizens, since they both wore hunting jackets, blue jeans, lumberjack shirts and John Deere caps.

Utilizing cover and concealment, Charley Company avoided Montgomery Road and silently reached Manny's. They remained undetected since the locals were still inside celebrating their earlier victories.

The attached Ranger squad was able to enter the back door, rescue Goldfinch, and even order three whiskey sours and flood the toilet be-

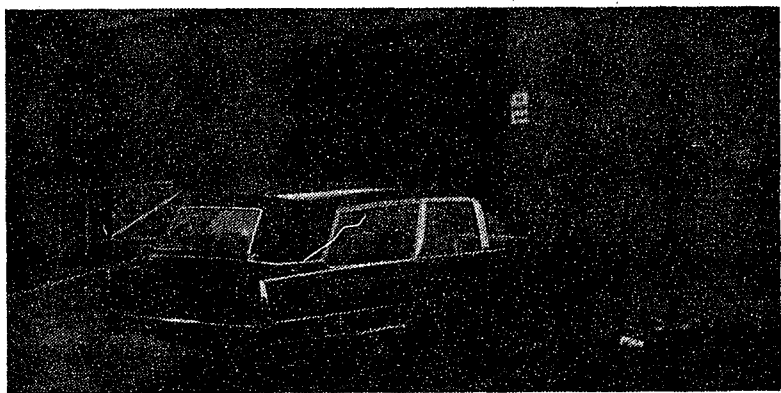
fore they made good their escape. They used M-203 grenade launchers to pelt Manny's with potatoes from the cafe. The NVA commander, Captain Redneck, was seriously injured when one of the projectiles struck him upon the head, and his troops promptly surrendered.

Led by Patton, the Armored Division easily rolled into Surrey Square and positioned a tank at each entrance. At the same time, the Air Cavalry landed several choppers in the parking lot of the General Motors factory and took the plant. With 75 percent of their GNP (Gross Nerdwoodian product) now lost, the city of Nerdwood was forced to sue for terms of peace, since it would be futile to support a continued war with only 25 percent of their original grossness.

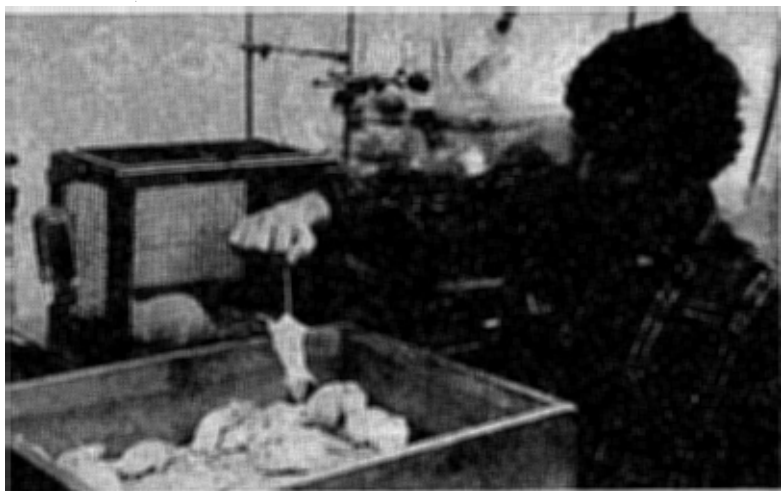
As compensation for the burning of the U.S. Shoe factory, Xavier received all the land up to Montgomery Road, as well as Manny's, the Nerdwoodian Plaza and Skysthelimit Chili.



The remnants of the U.S. Shoe complex in flames following an attack by the Nerdwood Air Force.



Assistant Godfather of Food Service Rex Oedipus' vehicle, which first raised questions about Spamrock Food Service.



Not even Spamrock's "select your own live dinner" program could keep its contract with Xavier.

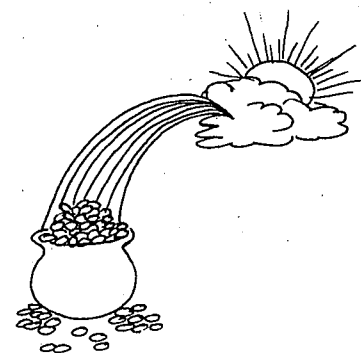
Spamrock service replaced

BY WILLIE MAKIT
BETTY DONT
Food Critics

Vice president and Head Honcho of Stupid Development Rodney Dangershearer revealed this morning that Spamrock Food Service will be replaced next fall by Nestlé-owned Stuffer's Food Service.

Dangershearer's long-awaited announcement took no one by surprise except Godfather of Food Service Don Victorio Pasghetti, who awoke at 3:00 a.m. to find 30 pounds of horse steaks in his bed. According to Thumbs McGillicuty, the Stupid Development staffer who delivered the steaks, "We realize that we're supposed to use a horse's head, but this just seemed more appropriate. Besides, the head looks great over Rod's desk."

Pasghetti, meanwhile, said that he'll probably use the meat in this Friday's Spamrock Surprise stew. He added that he's pretty disappointed



at losing the Xavier contract, but wasn't sure why Stuffer's won out.

"We really tried hard," he said "We even let students pick out their meal while it's still living, like they do with lobsters in seafood restaurants." Students balked, however, at the prospect of touching white rats before they were cooked.

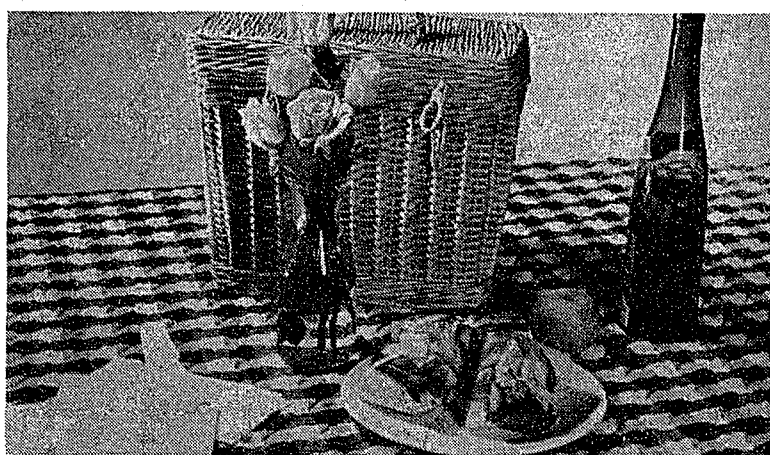
Both the Stupid Development staff and His Majesty Reverend

Charles Cure-all, S.J., Xavier president, remarked they were greatly impressed by Stuffer's presentation, which was given at the Playpen Club downtown. "Actually," Fr. Cure-all confided, "I don't remember much of it...I sure don't remember signing the contract."

Dean of Fun and Games Swill Belushi related that he particularly enjoyed the uniforms of Stuffer's Food Service employees, "although they might be a little cold in the winter."

Stupid Government President Phoney Blamer, also present at the presentation, said "As soon as they passed out the Nestlé's Crunch Bars, I was sold."

Asked for a final comment, Pasghetti lamented, "I told Rex Oedipus (Assistant godfather of Food Service) they'd get suspicious if he didn't stop parking the hearse at the loading dock, but he wouldn't listen."



The essence of Stuffer's Food Service's presentation to the Stupid Development office, Fr. Cure-all, and SG President Phoney Blamer.



Model Boom-Boom Laffer, for whom the Laffer Curve was named, shows off the uniform of Stuffer's Food Service.

Need a Quality Used Car?

Come to honest Dan's Used Car Lot and select from hundreds of quality low-mileage automobiles.

Easy terms
Dan carries his own accounts!

Conveniently located behind Kuhlman Hall.

morning hours — 8:30-10:20
evening hours — 7:30-9:00

Grand Opening of Theatre X

Treat yourself to the quality entertainment that was once only available in Newport. The new management of Theatre X (formerly XU Theatre) is now selling membership to students at discount prices. Stop by the information desk for details.

Open 24 hours for our preferred members. A great way to meet new people or renew old acquaintances.

Our first feature film:
Up Your Tuition

A. Wad shot on Xavier campus

BY I. FELTA THIGH
Undercover Reporter

The Xavier campus was rocked by violence this week when Officer Roscoe A. Wad of the Xavier Five-O was shot on the Mall.

Wad was investigating a report that a female student had exposed herself on the steps of Altar Hall to protest human rights violations against measles viruses of the third world countries by the University Stealth Service.

According to an unidentified witness at the scene, "she resisted removal, and in the ensuing struggle she grabbed for his pistol and it discharged."

The assailant, who was described as not much to look at, escaped.

Officer A. Wad, who was wounded in the foot, is reported to have lost a lot of fluid but is resting comfortably in satisfactory condition.

"He certainly performed well," Chief Damn Good ejaculated. "Xavier Five-O handles its situations with the finesse of a Jigolo."

Good commented that A. Wad

was indeed a lucky man. When asked what effect this had on the campus,

Good said, "All we can do now is clean up the mess and move on."



Scholars attached to the Department of Science Fiction and "What's now" are convinced that they have discovered the legendary Bat Cave right on Xavier's campus. "Batman was a real historical figure," believes professor Skill Digger. (Three Martini photo).



An X-Communication exclusive scoop—

Xavier Buys Brooklyn Bridge!

...Story next week

A POX on your Week!

BY EMILY RUBELLA

What's all this nonsense I've been hearing about POX week at Xavier? I mean, I think it's pretty sick to promote disease on campus.

First, they send in all these straightlaced weirdos in these fancy-schmancy white jackets who sit around in the University Center making all kinds of noise and creating some kind of spectacle.

As if that isn't bad enough! One of these idiots comes up to me and he says, "Hey, how 'bout a little shot?" Now I'm not one to drink in the middle of the week, unless I've just flunked a test, which I did, so I say "Sure, I'll take a little shot!" So what does he do? He takes out this funny looking squirt gun and starts poking holes in my arm.

Well that was just what I needed. The worst part about it was I started to get this pussy little lump right where he poked me. It looked kinda like a little bitsy volcano with lava pouring out of the top, you know? Well, I thought I was gonna get sick!

So I get the heck out of that University Center and stay away for a few days just to be safe. Well, when I come back in, the nuts in the white jackets are all gone, but what's there instead is even worse! They got these pictures of these people in there with the worst acne I've ever seen in my life. I mean, they looked like they fell asleep under a sun lamp for a couple of weeks. I thought I was gonna die.

If you ask me, I'd stay away from that University Center and have these pox people get their heads examined.

Editor's note — Excuse me, Ms. Rubella, the topic was PAX Week — Peace Awareness at Xavier — not POX Week.

Oh, never mind.

Nuke the Kooks!

A leisurely stroll down the Mall one evening last October brought me within view of two skeletons, a ghost, and an ape-man. "Oh no," I thought, "Boo-Boo Padoo has been usurped by nuke kooks! Just think of the corruption they're spreading in the minds of our noble youth! What filthy, vile conversations they must be carrying on as they hold out their evil hands for contributions! The Gillette Foamy with which they bestrew the landscape!"

Imagine:

"Hey, hoser, ah good day, eh? I mean, like, except for Ronald Raygun, eh?"

"Good day! And welcome to the show. Our topic today is, ah...like, what is our topic today, eh?"

Fright freezin'

By Fred St. George
the Dragon-Slayer

"Get out, hosehead! Like, what do you think we're doing here, eh? Like, what is that you're carrying, eh?"

"No — ah, get out of here, like...I got the spatula an' a few cold ones and the pamphlets — what are these for anyway, eh?"

"You hand them out to the people, hosehead. Folks, excuse my dumb brother here. He's like..."

"No! Get out! Our topic today is nuclear war, and my stupid brother and I want you to freeze, because that's the way it is in the Great White North, and besides, like, if there's a nuclear war there won't be any more, like, beer or backbacon, eh?"

"No more cold ones? Like, nowhere in the world...?"

My imagination is interrupted. Here come the clerics. No mere men of the cloth, these.

See! They consort with the costumed charlatans!

In the good old days, they would have performed an exorcism right then and there, but this is the enlightened twentieth century, and so begins the Nuclear Inquisition:

"Heathen! How dast thou lampoon our sacred movement!"

I take it you have some divine assistance in this charade?

"Fool! Heretic! No man can serve both God and nuclear weapons..."

My revulsion at this statement reminds me of a similar experience. "No man can serve the kind of stuff Spamrock feeds us, either — and I can't tell the difference between that and what you are saying."

"Silence, pagan! The Lord commands us to freeze these evil products of man's twisted mind..."

"If we froze nuclear weapons, they would be preserved for all eternity. Besides, if the Lord had wanted us to freeze nuclear weapons, He wouldn't have given us Ronald Raygun."

"Hypocrite! Speak not of the Lord and the Evil One in the same breath..."

I walk on past the clerics, unable to stand them. Why do people stand for such nonsense, anyway? Why don't they just think? Why don't they look for the causes of nuclear war?

Of course, we all know that the main problem is government. Government builds nukes, and governments shoot them off after governments get mad at each other. Government is the problem. Why abolish nuclear weapons? Why not abolish government?

My walk brings me up to the skeletons, the ghost, and the ape-man. The ghost holds out a container, obviously seeking a donation. He opens his mouth to speak. What vile liberal thing is he going to say? I prepare for the worst...

"Trick or treat!"

The X-Communication, the Xavier News parody issue, is published by the students of Xavier University in the belief that, if you can't laugh, you're probably dead.

The News wishes to announce that any opinions or comments published in the paper will not necessarily reflect the views and attitudes of the paper, but will be encouraged and supported by whatever means, whether legal or illegal. In other words, we'll print what we damn well please as long as we can get away with it! Any insults are meant to be taken cruelly, and any likeness to a rude nickname is merely intended coincidence.

Staff Discredits

Head Honcho
Yes-Person

Director of Illegal Activities
Wrote this stuff:

Made it worse:
Stood around and watched:

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J.R. Ellig
Jean "Uh-Huh" Hanna

Mike Stanton
no comment

none of the above
M. Elizabeth



Altar Hall? Now wait a second - where's MacDonald's?

Peace in the Valley

BY VAL SPEAKES

Communist

Like this is PAX week right? What a totally disgusting name, you know? Like it sounds like a disease or something, fer sure. Like my little brother just had pax. I mean gross me out the house. His face was totally splotchy and really barf me out time.

But like I'm for peace. I mean, I even sat through Gandhi. Give me a break. Three and a half hours long. Like I could have done my nails three or four times, fer sure. I could have even used that polish with the glitter in it. Isn't that stuff just totally bitchin'?

But like I usually have that stuff put on at Mr. David's Health and Beauty Spa at the Mall. I never met Mr. David but like his one assistant, I think her name is like Gloria, wait, no, it's just Glory, like how cool, will put the glitter around your eyes. But that's too expensive for like me and I know how to like save a penny. Like slow pickles are better than fast cu like cumbars. I mean, gee, I may be pretty but I'm not like stupid.

So like I went to the flick and it was totally bitchin', except for the parts where I fell asleep. I mean all these guys with guns and like Gandhi wouldn't fight with them. How totally cool, fer sure. He didn't even get his clothes dirty. Like I can really relate to that, totally.

You know, like I think I have the answer to this whole like war and peace thing. Nuclear arms you know. Don't they just gross you out? I went to the Mall after the movie just to like

look at clothes and even maybe buy a new pair of like shoes. I've already worn this pair five times. Gag me with a shoehorn.

I was outside the Baskin Robbins, O.K.? I had a bubblegum and tutti-frutti in a sugar cone. Like I like bubblegum ice cream almost as much as I like like bubblegum. O.K.? So anyway, I saw my friend Andrea. And she had a Spare Change bag so I figure she must have bought like something.

So I asked her, "Andrea, like what did you buy?" And she said "I got this totally bitchin' baby powder blue mini skirt and baby powder blue spikes, on sale." And she showed them to me. And like I said "Oh my Gaad, they're totally awesome, fer sure. But doesn't like Michelle and Tracy have an outfit just like this?"

And Andrea said "Well, yeah, but Michelle Simpkins and Tracy Applebaum are never and I mean as long as Rick Springfield is so totally tubular never going to have a better wardrobe than me. I mean get real." And like I said "But Andrea, when will it stop? If you get your ears triple pierced then Michelle will get hers like triple pierced. If you get strawberry cola lipstick then Tracy will get strawberry cola like lipstick."

Then it hit me. Me and my friends are like the U.S. and the Soviet like Union. It totally blows my mind. They're not gonna stop until we stop. I mean no Russian is going to have a better wardrobe than me. Isn't that like totally perceptive, fer sure?

Some things never change!

Xavier News, 1957

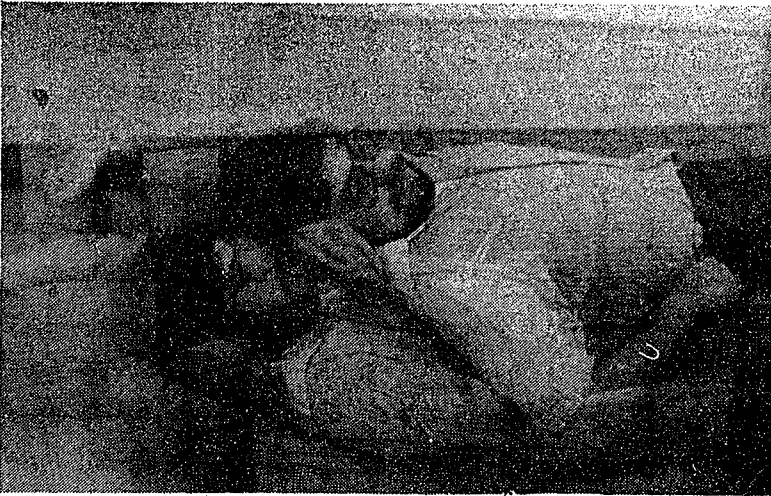
OBITER DICTA

By Dan Barth

While the United States and the free nations of the world hasten to match Russian might in destructive devices, other agencies wage a bitter, but bloodless battle. These are the



J.R. Ellig



Xavier's Theology and Biology departments are convinced of the existence of life after death after observing conservative disbeliever Tim Sham in his sleep. Without realizing what he was doing, Sam rose up, did imitations of Fr. Yawson and Fr. John LaConic, and floated around the room humming "There's No Business Like Show Business." (Three Martini photo).

OUT-OF-DATE

EDITOR SOUGHT

The Pogroms and Procrastination Committee is now accepting applications for the positions of editor-in-chief of the *X-Communication*, *Musty Tears* yearbook, and *Athens Daily*, Xavier's skin magazine. Somebody please apply so we don't have to reappoint the clowns we had this year.

ATHENS DAILY

The *Athens Daily*, Xavier's quarterly skin magazine, is now accepting submissions. Mail yourself to *Athens Daily*, c/o Xavier Post Office.

SHOTS

The University Stealth Service will be giving shots in the University Center lobby tonight from 5:00 p.m.-6:00 p.m. Please bring your own glass, pretzels and mixers.

CPR

Director of Residence Strife Bod Checker is offering private classes in CPR and Mouth-to-Mouth Resuscitation. Interested co-eds should call the Information Desk.

ROCK CONCERT

Fr. John LaConic will make his debut at Xavier with the new smash hit "Back in Black." For more information, contact the Society of Jigolos at the Shot Hilton.

CAREER FORUM

The Society of Jigolos will present "How to Make it at Xavier." The talk, co-sponsored by Crime Planning and Execution, concerns profit making in the private parts of the economy.

JOHN BITCH SOCIETY

Reservations for John Bitch Society's birthday party for Karl Marx are being taken by Boo-Boo Padoo of the John Bitch Society at 721-BITCH.

BUCKMINSTER FULL-OF-IT

Theologian Buckminster Full-Of-It will expostulate tonight in the Boredom Room on "How to put an audience to sleep without even trying." Full-Of-It is the guest of the Philosophy Department.

SNIDE GRIPER

The Snide Griper will hold its first cannibal meal for those who don't like Veggies. A Mass will precede. All are invited to share the body and blood of Christ March 24, at 8:00 p.m.

CINCINNATI REDS

A meeting will be held by the John Bitch Society for those interested in seeing the name of the Cincinnati Reds changed to the Cincinnati WASPS. For more information, contact Boo-Boo Padoo at 721-BITCH.

FEAR COUNSELORS

Crime Planning and Execution is accepting applications for positions as fear counselors. Those of Sicilian descent should apply. Learn how to make an offer no one can refuse.

FRIENDS OF JIGOLOS

The Friends of Jigolos are opening a women's auxiliary next month. Any interested woman should contact the auxiliary's main office at 413 Monmouth St., Newport, or call 361-PROS.

POST-SENIORS

The Office of Crime Planning and Execution announces a mandatory post-interview meeting for all unemployed seniors.

This session will teach you how to sell yourself for top dollar. Become an indentured servant for terms ranging from 5-25 years.

\$15.00 donation required at door.

DONATIONS SOUGHT

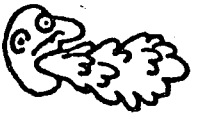
The senior class is offering all underclassmen the opportunity to contribute to the Class of '83 gift. Seniors have pooled their resources and pledged \$100 for the construction of a shelter on the old U.S. Shoe property. You too can participate in this worthy cause by sending your pledge to:

'83 Class Gift
c/o I.M. Broke
69 Unemployed Ave.



Xavier Five-O, disturbed over the past year by sporadic reports of dorm interlopers, has finally committed itself to a 24-hour-a-day rotation of undercover agents. These roving defenders of justice and the XU Residency Code can be summoned by a quick series of toll calls to an ever-ready recording device that will promptly tape record your plea for distress.

Whitey Burger addiction: the case of Dinky Dauman



The alarm clock buzzed angrily. It was 12:00 noon, and I had forty-five minutes until economics class.

My stomach was seeking revenge by tying itself into inhuman knots; a grim reminder of the punishment I had inflicted upon it. I felt miserable. I looked miserable. Eighteen of those White Castle hamburgers. Eighteen.

I had to prove to my friends how macho I was by showing them how many of those little funky square burgers I could down, but it was obvious that they and I both knew. It was my first experience. They were quick to take advantage of the situation by constantly handing me one burger after another as they looked on in amazement (or should I say "amusement?").

Most would consider me an "All-American" prototype. Dirk "Dinky" Dauman. National Honor Society, Drama Club, quarterback, valedictorian, Debate Club and class president. It was typical for me to work twenty hours a week at my father's store. My parents told me how proud they were of me the day I announced by decision to attend Xavier.

Now, where was I? Oh, now I remember, my first Whitey night. I was all new to the burger experience. My friends had been preparing me for some time by giving me Muskieburgers.

Within a month I was ready for the harder stuff. My first slider wasn't as bad as all those jokes had made it out to be. So I had a second. Then a third. Then a fourth, fifth, sixth and so on.

It was like I had just achieved Nirvana; better than any natural high I had ever reached before. I was so enveloped I failed to notice the eager expressions on my friends' faces. Some of them were quietly standing off to the side making bets as to how far I'd go.

It didn't seem to affect me until long about 1:00 a.m. Then it struck me as if I'd just been slapped by some girl after calling her an unprintable name to her face.

When my friends had finished having their laugh, they decided that it was time to take me home. I told them that I was a big boy now, and fully capable to drive myself home.

But sliders and driving don't mix. I got an excruciating cramp in my stomach, and totaled the car that my parents had given me for graduation.

Within a short time, I was making constant trips to White Castle. I was blindly stumbling into a trap I couldn't get myself out of. Of course, I told my friends that I could quit any time I wanted to, but deep down inside I was convinced that I was becoming a hopeless case.

My physical shape was in shambles. I got an average of three hours of sleep a night. I ate little else beside those little slimey squares, and talked rarely, even within my clique.

I hadn't taken a bath in two months. My rancid aroma was enough to drive away even the Tidy-bowl Man. How morally degrading can you get?

My girlfriend dropped me for one of my so-called "friends." I dropped my job at the family business, and withdrew all the money from my checking and savings account. My parents begged me to repent from my sinful ways, but I turned my back on them.

I was a major topic for gossip around campus, and the target for repeated attacks in the Postscripts.

I couldn't resist the temptation of entering a White Castle joint. Once I tested my will-power by trying to walk by one, but the urge proved too overpowering. I dashed through the doors and up to the counter.

There was Molly Sanders standing behind the register. Since she worked at White Castle's, as well as went to Xavier, she was one of the few people to observe my rapid decline from success to downfall. If anything, Molly was one of the few people who even cared anymore.

"What'll it be Dinky?" she asked. I lowered my eyes to the floor. "Three sliders, please."

She gave me a look of utter social and moral disgust. "Oh, Dinky, come on. Don't you know when to give it up?"

"But I only want three." I barely refrained from saying "I only need three."

"Please listen to me for a minute, Dinky," she said. "I'm your friend. I just want you to know that you're going head-over-heels about the whole matter. Just take my advice and get yourself straightened out, before it's too late."

This was obviously going to be harder than I thought. "I know, but this'll be the last time." By this time I was in the floor, gowelling and slobbering at her feet like a dog. "Oh, please, please, please?" I begged. "I promise I won't come back again, just this last time, please?"

It worked. I had gotten to her. "Oh, alright," she said as she started scribbling on her pad.

After I had finished she wouldn't sell me anymore, so I got my friends to buy them for me. When she became wise as to what was really going on, she decided that it had gone on for too long, and that it was about time something be done, before I became a veg. She had the manager (a former 6' 4" Swedish rugby palyer) escort me to the door.

Later that evening, she called me up and apologized for overreacting. Before I could hang up she told me about a well-known psychiatrist, and made me promise that I'd see him first thing in the morning.

"Dr. Vercotti will see you now, Mr. Dauman," the secretary said, and returned to her typing.

I entered his lushly decorated office. He was seated in a comfortable recliner, tediously reviewing a file. My file, of course.

"It says here that you were a pretty well-off kid, Dirk," he began. "Don't tell me, let me take a guess - you've got the Whitey blues?"

"No that's not it," I responded. I searched for an excuse. Think, Dinky, be clever. "I like to maim rubber ducks with piano wire."

"Come on now, you can come up with a better story than that. I know your kind, you're a on-in-a-dozen case. You're not the only one who's been addicted to Whitey's, you know. You guys come staggering in here - disoriented, confused, lost - like so many of those poor phillosophy students I've had to deal with."

Cold turkey was painful. It seemed like it would never end. To this day, I still have recurring nightmares of the experience.

My mother locked me in the cellar and threw me an old leather shoe to chew on. There was plenty of wailing and gnashing of teeth. It was nerve-racking, but three weeks later I emerge from the house a new man.

I was standing tall and looking good, walking u-right, clean and will dressed. I had total control over my senses. My friends marvelled.

Now I'm working as a counselor-big brother for a kid who's been purse-snatching to support his WHitey habit.

Enough of all this talk about White Castle burgers. I've been making trip to Norwood - let's talk about this place called "Skyline."

Stupid Government Reports

BY DONALD DUCKSON

Stupid Government Minister of Vice

Mr. John Mini-haha, the vice of Rev. Cure-all, S.J., announced plans to increase the Stupid Government's budget proportionally with the tuition increase. In an effort to simplify the system, all students should make checks directlypayable to Luigi Tabasco, SG in-between. "I'd rather spend money than do anything," Tabasco said.

The Stupid Government office has been moved to adjacent facilities to make room for the expanding *X-Communication*. "Oh goody," said Mary Rose Babble of Campus Mystery, "I can go in without having to knock now."

The SG Socialist Committee will sponsor Little Slobs weekend March 25-27. Activities include a Rectangle Dance featuring Bob & Edna and a carnival where students from Edgecliff will be raffled off.

The Residence Hall council will hold a film festival this weekend at the Shot Hilton. The ever-popular "American Jigolo" will be showing starring Rev. Bill Kingsize. Bring

your little slobs too!

April 1 has been chosen as the date for the V.D. dance instead of February 14, after hours of debate and committee work from the Stupid Senators. The dance is at Stuffers in the Wild Western Hills. Protection during the V.D. dance will be provided by Chief Damn Good of the Xavier Five-O.

Proceeds from the dance will be used to purchase ice machines for Coolman and Crookedman Halls.

Any students who have questions concerning Stupid Government or who wish to join our organization, please contact Phony Blamer, Luigi Tabasco or myself, Donald Duckson at 745-VICE.



SG's new spacious office.

Xavier condemned for imperialistic activities

BY JIM SHOE
News Reporter

The U.N. General Ass. voted 123-5½ today to condemn Xavier University for its "imperialism and oppressive treatment" of Edgecliff College.

His Majesty Reverend Charles Cure-all, S.J., Xavier president, scoffed at the idea that Edgecliff is a colonial possession. "Edgecliff is as much a part of Xavier as the statue of D'Artagnan or the new women's rest room in Altar Hall," He said. "We bought it, we paid for it — or at least we're trying — and we intend to keep it."

"Besides, Xavier is proud of its community involvement," He added. Cure-all then convened an administrative meeting at Draino Gardens in Nerdwood to further consider the matter.

Other Xavier activists were more direct in their response. Longtime Mall fixture Boo-Boo Padoo distributed a copy of *The Bitch Log* entitled, "We told you so" and demanded that Stupid Government sponsor his program proving that Dr. Roger Fountain, dean of Edgecliff, is a communist sympathizer.

Xavier's Stupid Senate also met in special session but could come to no conclusion. According to SG President Phony Blamer, "We really don't know what to do until we get

our new constitution approved. Senate doesn't have any armed forces right now, but if we get any, we still have to decide whether the administrative or legislative vice president will have control."

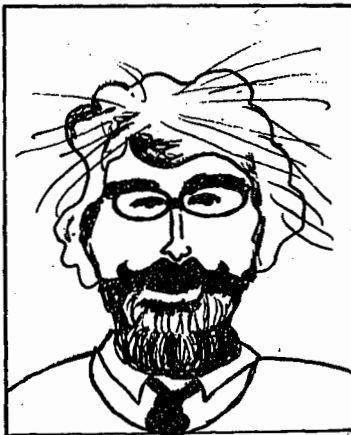
In a related development, Xavier Five-O Officer Mike Chair led a raid resulting in the confiscation of a large quantity of Soviet- and Cuban-made arms from the Programs in Peas and Carrots Office.

Chief Damn Good explained that the weapons were destined to be distributed to Edgecliff students who had occupied the Tally Ho Ho Tavern and were demanding their own business school and immediate annexation of the Cincinnati College of Mortuary Science.

The Reverend, Ben Brainstorm, S.J., rabble-rouser for Programs in Peas and Carrots, said He knew nothing — about the weapons either. "Somebody from the basketball team asked if we'd store some equipment for them, and I said OK. How was I to know what they meant by 'run and gun' offense?"

On the Edgecliff crisis, Fr. Brainstorm said, "It's important that we let them decide their own destiny, and not let this become another Breen Lodge...If Xavier Five-O would stop carrying those magnums, I'm sure the Soviets would stay out of Edgecliff."

1983 Best Dressed List



The Honorable Dr. Winebreath
BY VIRGINIA VANWINKLE
Fashion Columnist

Spring is just around the corner. And, as those heavy winter coats come off, it's time to observe the high-fashion habits of your favorite faculty members. I, of course, observed early. And, having been asked to give my opinion of classically dressed faculty, I present my awards as follows:

Top Honors, First Place (call it what you may):

Dr. David Winebreath takes the cake in this prestigious honor. His sense of fashion is simply incredible. It must be inherent.

Dr. Dewless, nonetheless, is everybody's second choice. He's daring enough to wear plaid, and even more daring to wear more than one at a time. The ties are also a nice change of pace.

Most Liberal Dresser:

Dr. Ernie (Dan) Tana. This man is a real free spirit. He won't let anyone tell him how to dress, not even his mother. His clothes are always self-laundered and self-pressed. His hair



The Daring Dr. Dewless
is his own.

Sportswear Category:

Dr. Stanley Houdini: prepared to go from classroom to nature trail to racquetball court quickly and efficiently. This requires real ingenuity.

The Real Man Dresser:

Fr. Theim: don't let his priestly appearance fool you. Under his



The Sporty Dr. Houdini



The Liberal Dr. Dan Tana
classic black lies a real lumberjack, a man of real substance.

Accessories:

This was a little more difficult. Three faculty members tied for this honor. They are:

Fr. Hoppinhigh — This man's footwear says it all. His sandals with socks look is definitely His alone.

Fr. Yawson — Hats are in this season and milliners are quickly picking up on this look. It's warm, it's furry, it's Russian.

Dr. Michael Marmoset — New Wave makes a comeback with his "glow in the dark" ties. They're wide, they're bright, they're...purely opulent.

And, so, as another year in fashion passes, I hope you'll take time to recognize these leaders in fashion among the faculty of Xavier University. Keep a watchful eye out for them, congratulate them and most importantly, always remember (or try to remember) that their mothers NEVER dress them. My congratulations to the winners and all in the running. Good luck again next year.

Tired of shelling out \$112/Credit hour every semester, only to be faced with unemployment lines after graduation? Make your education really pay! One visit to Crime Planning and Execution guarantees your success with the heist of the century that will keep you for life. For more details, buzz Baby Face Bialac or Bruiser Burke at 745-ROBB. Any major is eligible.

Prepare For: April 1, 1983

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Do you know me?

You really should. I used to be important. But sometimes even I forget who I am. What's even worse, I call up my girlfriend and she says, "Who?"

That's why I always carry my XU I.D. It's good in thirty foreign countries and the cafe. And if it's ever lost or stolen, I can just call a toll-free number and they'll tell me I.D. pictures are only taken on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1:00 p.m. - 3:30 p.m. in the Stupid Government office.



The XU I.D.
Don't leave your dorm without it.

Research Assistance Inc.

Research Assistance for college papers. Are you bogged down by the year end crunch of tests and papers? Research Assistance offers you an excellent opportunity to improve your grade with minimal effort. Send \$5.00 for our up-to-date list of 1000 topics that will help you earn the grade you deserve. All of our resources have received a grade of D+ or higher.

'Flak's Pack' drops Xavier classic to Jigolos, 95-63

BY TED TROMBONE
Sports Reporter

The Society of Jigolos basketball team, effectively utilizing a highly polished and awesome fast break, ran over Coach Bob Flak's Xavier Basketball Team. The Jigolos, who trailed 8-2 after the first two minutes of play, went ahead 14-12 six minutes later, and never fell behind again in coasting to a 95-63 thumping of the Musketeers.

In a pregame press conference, Flak announced to reporters over a steak dinner that he had decided to change the team's nickname from "Flak's Pack" to "Flak's Heart Attack," with regard to all the near heart seizures his erratic squad had caused himself and fans to experience. He noted that it is in fashion with the "Cardiac Cards" and the "Kardiac Kids" of professional football fame.

After a steak dinner of their own, the Muskies rushed onto the court to the ecstatic cheers of some 645 local and student fans. Due to the small size of the audience, it was soon discovered that it had actually been a tape, smuggled in by the Excalibur student fan club and played over the P.A. system.

Things didn't look too good from the start as Fr. Yawson out-leaped Lester "Skywalker" Daley, outletted to Fr. Ed "Turbo" Schmidt, who then drove the baseline past Ralph Leisurely for an easy two. However, the Musketeers refused to be let down and dejected until at least two

minutes into the game, as they rallied back for eight unanswered points.

Two minutes later, Flak's Pack began their backsliding and the Xavier Band was still into its fourteenth stanza of the fight song.

The Muskies began the game in a 2-3 zone, but were forced to go to man-to-man due to "Iceman" Eisenecker's pinpoint accurate shooting. He was joined by Fr. Jack "Hoops" Heim as the two poured in 14 collective points in the first ten minutes to give their team a 22-18 edge. The Jigolos broke loose, however, when Fr. Ben "Spike" Brainstorm juiced out guard Tony



Coach Bob Flak at the half.

Hickory, stole the ball and executed a phenomenal pass to "Alley-Oop" Hoppenhigh, who slammed it home. The crowd, recently joined by some 300 local priests, nuns, and brothers from a convened theology seminar, went fanatical.

The Society of Jigolos then took firm control of the game, behind the impressive and well-executed fast breaks of "Wheeling-and-Dealing" Wheeler. They entered the locker room with a 45-28 halftime lead.

The Jigolos continued to profusely throttle their opponents as "Hustlin'" Haggerty was able to handcuff the Musketeers' offense. Handcuffed too well, as the Xavier players were to claim after the game. They stated that "Hacking Haggerty" got away with too many flagrant fouls.

The only interruption came when one of the referees, Greasey Malone, stopped the game when he believed Fr. Carmichaelthearchangel near heat exhaustion. The only other time the flow of the game was halted was when Flak argued with Malone over who won the 1977 NCAA Lacrosse Championship. The ref ignored him, but when Flak continued to protest that it was Colgate, Malone was forced to issue a technical.

With a comfortable 75-52 lead, the Jigolos resorted to their strong bench with such strong players as Fathers Grimish, Nestlé, Peters, Carter, Overberg and Joe "Tip-in" Neat-O. Of special interest was the performance of Fr. Carter. "It was great!" he quoted afterwards. "I haven't felt so good since my ordina-



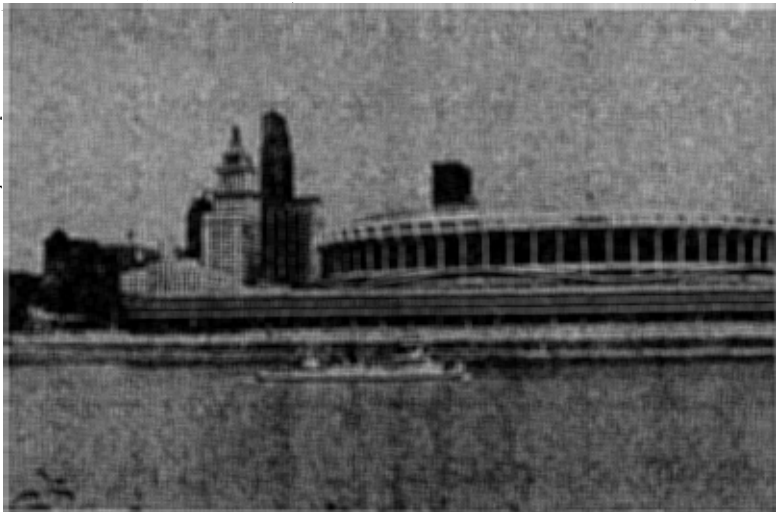
Xavier's Musketeer and cheerleaders rush to assist the basketball team in its desperate struggle against an overpowering Society of Jigolos team.

tion, or at least since I found 45 students in one of my classes," he added. *X-Communication* later discovered that he had, in fact, walked into the wrong classroom on that given day.

When the game was over at 95-63, Coach Flak was not to be found. It was soon discovered that he had stolen the Yogi Bear costume from a Kings Island employee in order to sneak out of the Fieldhouse and reach his Mercedes in the parking lot, and thereby make a quick getaway. Hanna-Barbera Land could not be reached for comment.

The next day, the Muskies claimed

that the Jigolos had used Latin to disguise illegal plays. Flak, who is remembered for coining the infamous phrase "things are never as bad as they obviously are," stated "It's insulting — they can blatantly and flagrantly violate the rules and then there's nothing done about it! I plan to protest the game and call for a reversal of the final outcome. If we don't win our games by twenty points, it's bad enough that we lose them by twenty, so we'll take a win anyway we can get one. It's hard enough getting geared up for any game besides U.C., now we have the Society of Jigolos to contend with."



Will the Muskies soon take the Shreds' place in Riverfront Stadium?

Muskies down Shreds in opener

BY BAX STOPP
Sports Reporter

The XU baseball team opened its season with a rain-drenched 101 1/2-101 victory over the Cincinnati Shreds in Tampa on March 9. The game shattered several old records and set several new.

The most obvious was the squad's first 100+ point game. For Xavier, senior Randy Handsome set a new record for the most homers in an inning by hammering out four in the second. Catcher Tony Trite created a record for signaling the same pitch

consecutively. His streak ended at 147 in the fourth when the Shreds finally caught on to the tactic and rallied for a comeback. Powerhitting Juan Battburner splintered 19 bats in three trips to the plate.

The Muskies came out swinging, swinging and swinging again, rallying for 48 runs at the end of three innings.

Shreds President Dick Wagner, whose team trailed by 20, protested the game claiming it was unofficial. His reason being, "The umpire failed to bellow out the official 'Play ball!'"

Instead of starting the game over, the teams agreed on a hand of double or nothing. XU assistant coach Barry Whitewine cut an ace as the umpire shouted, "Play yer card!" The Musketeers took a 96-28 lead going into the fourth.

By this time the rain started to fall. The Muskies batted around, pushing their lead to 101-28. The Shreds came to bat putting the pouring rain to their advantage. Splashing the puddles with singles and doubles, Cincinnati drove in 73 runs off Muskies starter Bob Wurst with no outs. Rookie reliever Max Mama was inserted into the battery and shut down the side.

The fifth inning started with a lead-off double by second basemen Ted Deep. A. Tad Frizzo grounded out one-to-three followed by Don Frolic's fly out to center. Tom Bartender picked up the beer tab after the game because he struck out in the "beer inning," leaving Deep on second half-way home.

The Shreds' fifth inning was scoreless. After the three outs the rain streamed down making the field conditions unplayable. The umpires called the game giving the Muskies the 1/2 point edge since they were the last to have a runner in scoring position.

Bob Wurst posted the opening victory with Max Mama credited with the save.

The Musketeers begin a five game homestand tonight against the newly elected Stupid Government Officers. Probable starters for the contest are Luigi Tabasco for the Officers and Rocken Roll for the Musketeers.

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Basketball Fund Raiser

New Xavier collectors' items! Get your decorative new bronzed basketballs — hang them from your rear view mirror.

These balls also make lovely wall fixtures. Musky fans — Don't be caught without your balls!

Priest redresses for fame

BY IRRA TATING
Showbiz Pooper Scooper

In line with directives encouraging more diversity among the disciplines pursued by The Jigolos, the recently engaged Reverend John LaConic, S.J., has announced his bid for musical success with his debut rock-and-roll album, "Back in Black."

Outfitted for the first time in Xavier's recorded history in the official clerical blacks of the Society of Jigolos, LaConic explained His career move in a recent interview.

"I've been considering a career transition for some time," He revealed. "I'll admit it's been fun teaching, especially making students retch over the sexual preferences and social diseases of medieval leaders, but now I'm in the mood for something a little different."

LaConic continued, "You could say the students gave me the inspiration to this line of work. For years I've been getting piss-er-perturbed watching students at this institution shove all sorts of audio excrement into their ears, twenty-four hours a day. This is such a waste of vital resources! If they're going to ruin their gray matter anyway, why not squeeze a few bucks out of it in the process? Sell the stuff they're ruining their brains on!"

And just what is Fr. LaConic

shoveling into the grooves of his recent L.P.? According to WVXU, the pop-priest is meeting the challenge of the fickle music gauntlet with a creative acoustic style all his own.

Pouring His background into His creations, LaConic entwines the hometown-sounds of a humid Saturday afternoon in the Bronx with the upbeat tempo of Jigolo seminary tradition, formulating in "Back in Black," a unique mosaic of sound that's practically ear-arresting. Just try to leave the room when it's playing. (Get Back in Heyarr!)

Not only is LaConic's sound unique, it's even becoming popular. Casey Casum and "American Top Forty" recently admitted they're pressed to keep up with the latest LaConic tunes as they speed up the charts. "New Yoork, New Yoork" (corrected for the phonetically impaired) stands currently at number three in the nation, threatening to overtake Michael Jackson's current number one song within a few weeks.

Lower in the charts but quickly heading for increased airplay are other cuts from "Back in Black," including "Working for the Weekend," "Highway to Hell?," and His next sure-fire smash, "Take this Job and Shove It."

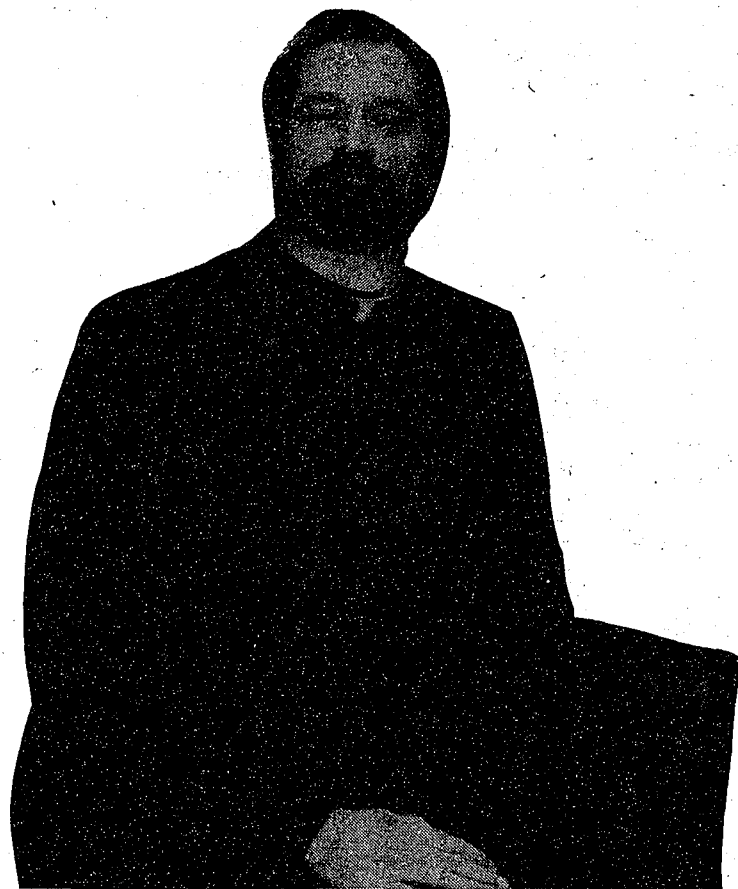
Promoting His new release has taken LaConic to the touring scene,

where he's already acquired a following in the moderately-priced concert stream. LaConic concedes to critics who find his concert behavior somewhat coarse and even abusive. "Yes, right now, that is a weak point," He notes.

"The transition from classroom to concert hall is taking some adjustment. But," LaConic pointed out, "We've already stopped using the podium in the tour. The chalk and eraser-tossing are coming out next. It's simply a weaning process for me."

LaConic acknowledges he already has plans for the recording and touring royalties that are piling up in several New York City bank accounts. "In the interest of benefitting the Xavier community, my foremost goal will be the establishment of several scholarship trusts that will enable promising students to escape this Midwestern backwater of a town for the sanctuary of a truly enlightened metropolis to continue their education: New York. As a matter of fact," mentioned LaConic, shaking the dust from his feet, "I'm already planning on making the move myself."

Speaking of the near future, LaConic alluded to the certainty of other album, an almost sure-to-be-expanded tour, and the formation of the official "Love LaConic" fan club,



whose members receive complimentary Roman collars.

LaConic admitted that his recently-acquired fiancée, Mary Rose Babbie, is already tuning up her vocal cords to do backup for the second album. The only possible

problem LaConic foresees in the future concerns the touring with Mary Rose. "If she insists on doing those positive hugs with the audience every encore, we're going to spend the rest of our normal married lives on the road!"

Playbabies and Cringers kick off smash run with *Podiotrus*

BY PROSCENIUM ARCH
Back Stage Reporter

The University theatre department, and XU Cringers and XU Playbabies are collaborating for the first time in an avant-garde theatrical endeavor.



XU Playbabies and Cringers toe the line with spectacular choreography in their joint production *Podiotrus* — The Musical.

The play is an original piece by Blotto Kraphill, theatre department chairman. It is entitled *Podiatrus*, a musical comedy in 13 feet.

When asked what inspired this play, Kraphill said, "I've always had a foot fetish, and now that I've got my own department, they can't step on my toes."

There is not much singing going on in this play, as you might expect. This pleases Consistently Badpiano, long-time XU Cringers and Bland Couch. Couch Badpiano commented that the absence of voices took a lot of pressure off him.

"It'll be just like any other Cringer's show, except, of course, that we'll have new material."

As might be anticipated, choreographing such a "dancing" might pose some difficulty.

Not for Myra Joe Bare-it-all. Couch Badpiano brought Bare-it-all out of New York from Radio City Music Hall. Badpiano sang Bare-it-all's praises, calling her "a wonderful little lady with incredible, fantastic, no kidding talent."

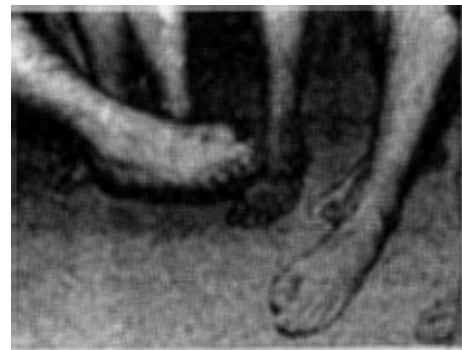
Some highlights of the show include "Why I love to snuggle with an athlete's foot," "In the fall of my arch," "Toe for Tea" and "Hang-nail five."

Still, the show has its problems. It is no secret that there has been a long standing dislike for Kraphill on the part of the Cringers' Couch.

Badpiano denies this, however. "I've never disliked Blotto. Just because he's tenured is no reason to dislike the man."

When asked how his baton became embedded in Kraphill's foot, Badpiano crooned, "I was caught up in the emotion of the music and it slipped."

Kraphill replied, "I don't know how it happened. I've never met him before this rehearsal. Is he full-time?"



Consistently Badpiano apologetically removes his baton from the director's foot after an emotional moment.

It's the...

Wildly-awaited WAX Week!

Sunday, March 27

1:30 p.m.-3:30 p.m. War Workshop with the Red Square Fools
-5:30 p.m. Opening Liturgy with Father Yawson and Red Square Fools
-8:30 p.m. "The Bishops Drop the Bomb: Father Enrique Rude reveals KGB influences on the Pastoral"

Monday, March 28

12:30 p.m.-1:30 p.m. "Lunch Hour" Teach In/Discussion: Dr. Bernard Gender — "You're Already Lost if You're Not French Canadian"
-7:30 p.m. "The Main Event": the triumphant return of General Westmoreland.

Tuesday, March 29

12:30 p.m.-1:30 p.m. "Lunch Hour" Teach In/Discussion: Joe Neat-O, S.J. presents "A Retreat for Warmakers"
-8:00 p.m. Personal Involvement Forum: Input, Internationalization, Action or "What can one person do to help start a war?"

Wednesday, March 30

12:30 p.m.-1:30 p.m. "Lunch Hour" Teach In/Discussion: Father Ben Brainstorm, S.J., presents "A Tribute to Saint Ignatious Loyola"
8:00 p.m. "A Wish for War" with the Red Square Fools

Thursday, March 31

12:30 p.m.-1:30 p.m. "Lunch Hour" Teach In/Discussion: Dr. John Guess presents "Literature and the Big Bang"
-8:00 p.m. "Fun Before the Bomb"; Gene Wool sings "Music without a message."

Friday, March 32

12:30 p.m. Zero Hour "Better Dead than Red" Rally
9:00 p.m. Atomic Coffeehouse. Bring your own sunglasses.

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